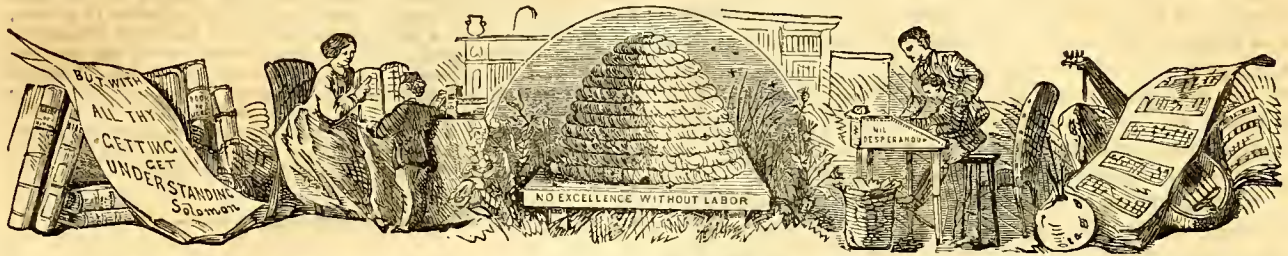


The Juvenile Instructor



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CHINESE PUNISHMENT.

IN old times, they had a custom in England and other countries of fastening men in what was called the "pillory," which consisted of a horizontal board supported by four posts, resembling a long table, and was generally situated in some public place. In this board a hole was made of sufficient diameter to admit a man's neck. Other similar contrivances

city or town in which he has to undergo his punishment, with his offence written upon it, so that every one who sees him may know what he has been guilty of. Sometimes prisoners are sentenced to wear this wooden collar for a month together. You may imagine what a dreadful punishment this must be. All the food that the prisoner receives has to be administered



were made for the hands; and when a man was placed in the pillory, he could not move head nor arms.

In the picture which we give this week, the man who is being punished is placed in a kind of walking pillory. This punishment is called the "kea" or "congue." It consists of a wooden collar in which the prisoner is paraded through the

by his attendants, as his hands are securely fastened as described above. The man whom we see in the picture, sitting by the table, is doubtless the judge, and the man who has a chain fastened to the collar to lead the prisoner away and a whip in his hand with which to inflict the punishment, is an officer.

This is one of the punishments practiced in China, where all penal offences are visited on the heads of the guilty parties with the most rigid and severe punishments. The laws of China are very severe on the crime of treason. The innocent members of the family of the offender are consigned to destruction as well as the traitor. On one occasion, an attempt was made on the life of the emperor of China by a single assassin. He was condemned to a lingering death, and his sons, "being of tender age," to be strangled. The mode of execution in cases of treason is called "ling-chy," and is said to be a "disgraceful and lingering death." Some Europeans have styled it "cutting into ten thousand pieces." The most frequent way of punishment is prolonged imprisonment. When once a criminal is put in prison, there is little prospect of his coming forth till the sentence is fully expired.

The prisons are miserable abodes, and the Chinese call them "tyto" or hell. The confinement is solitary, and the dread of being imprisoned is said to deter the people from crime. Women, in ordinary cases, are placed as criminals in the custody of their nearest relatives, who are answerable for them, except in cases of adultery, when they are put in prison. This makes their punishment light, and keeps them from being brought in contact with vice while in prison. When the civil authorities want to obtain evidence from criminals, they sometimes squeeze the ankles of males and the fingers of females between sticks. Prisoners are never asked to make oath or to swear, as is common in Christendom, but they are punished severely if it is found that they have told falsehoods in giving evidence. The Chinese do not torture people above seventy or under fifteen years of age, or those who are laboring under permanent disease.

Simple cases of stealing are sometimes punished by beating with a bamboo, and at other times, with exile. Where weapons are used in cases of robbery, the crime is punished by death.

The Chinese believe that fathers have the power of life and death over their children. This was the case with Israel in olden time. If a Chinese father kill one of his children, he is subject only to the chastisement of the bamboo and a year's banishment. But the penalty for striking parents or for cursing them, is death. It does not appear, it is said, that this absolute power of parents over the lives of their children, is productive of evil, as few instances of its exercise ever occur.

The Chinese love order, and have a great horror of tumults; and all affrays are treated with unusual severity. Punishment is affixed to the mere act of striking another with the hand or foot; and such an act is made a public offence. Hence, you seldom hear of Chinese fighting or coming to blows. If they quarrel, they will make a great noise and jump about and reproach one another for a long time; but cases of actual striking are very rare among them. It may not be so pleasant to the neighbors to hear such a clatter; but it is certainly more harmless than fighting.

Travelers in China say that the laws are very generally known and very equally administered; and that examples of oppressive and barbarous punishment are seldom met with in China. The general aspect of society is said to be good. In the interior of the country, very few instances of beggary or abject misery among the lower classes are to be found; and among the higher classes, great extravagance is seldom seen. On every hand, the people give evidence of being industrious, thriving and contented.

The people of Christendom think that their condition in life is far superior to that of any other people; and it is frequently the case that preachers among the various sects speak of the Chinese and other heathen nations as people who are in a dreadful condition and greatly to be pitied. But the Chinese do not entertain these ideas about themselves. We recollect

reading the reflection of a Chinese named Tien keeshe. He wrote as follows:

"I felicitate myself that I was born in China! It constantly occurs to me, What if I had been born beyond the sea, in some remote part of the earth, where the cold freezes or the heat scorches; where the people are clothed with the leaves of plants, eat wood, dwell in a wilderness, lie in the holes of the earth, are far removed from the converting maxims of the ancient kings, and are ignorant of the domestic relations. Though born as one of the generations of men, I should not have been different from a beast. But how happily I have been born in China! I have a house to live in, have drink and food and commodious furniture. I have clothing and caps and infinite blessings. Surely the highest felicity is mine."

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Chemistry of Common Things.

NON-METALS.

MATTER of every kind is metallic or not; for this reason, chemists, in classifying the elementary bodies, divide them into Metals and Non-metals,—the word *non* meaning *not*. Those elements which have been treated upon are said to be non-metals, for the reason that, by no means with which chemists are at present acquainted, can they be reduced to the metallic state. There are fourteen non-metals known; of which Bromine, Selenium, and Tellurium have not been noticed, as they are not of much importance to the young student,—being rarely met with.

The word "element" means any substance which cannot be decomposed; it is usual to speak of Water or Air as an element, but, in a chemical sense, this is not true; for, as we have seen, Water is a *compound* of Oxygen and Hydrogen; Air is a *mixture* of Oxygen and Nitrogen. Now, all substances are either Elements, Compounds, or Mixtures. The word "compound" means one or more elements combined into a substance, as, for instance, Water, which may exist in a solid form as Ice, in a liquid form, or in that of steam or vapor. In the formation of Water, two non-metallic elements are combined. Compounds may, however, be formed from the union of non-metals and metals. If a piece of iron is exposed to air and moisture, it speedily rusts; we say in chemical language, it is "oxidized." Here the non-metal oxygen has combined with the metal Iron. Mercury, Lead and other metals do not oxidize so speedily at common temperatures; but, by the addition of heat, they become oxides. Take a little Mercury, or quicksilver, as it is called, submit it to heat for a long time in the open air, that will form a "rust" consisting of Oxygen and Mercury. It is a red powder, very different to the elements of which it is a compound. Lead, also, may be experimented upon; the lead will all burn away, and nothing but a powder remain—an "oxide of lead."

The word "mixture" means a substance made up of two or more elements or compounds, each of which retains its own properties. Air is an example: the oxygen still remains the same simple element, although diluted with nitrogen. Sugar and salt reduced to powder, however intimately mixed, still retain their distinct properties. The rocks and soils are mixtures. The air we breathe and the water we drink are not only mixtures of *elementary* bodies, but compounds of various kinds are found in them—carbonic acid, water, etc.

Before proceeding to the consideration of the Metals, let us

remember that Oxygen is a gas, a supporter of life and of combustion. Hydrogen is the lightest gas known, combustible when burned with Oxygen, forming water. Carbon is a solid, a combustible, the chief constituent of all vegetable matter. Nitrogen is a gas which extinguishes flame and will not support life. These four elements have been named by some chemists "organogens," because all organic beings are formed from them. The bulk of vegetable existence consists of the first three; with nitrogen added, animal life in all its variety consists. Not but that other elements are made use of in the natural processes, in comparatively small proportions. Thus the metals Calcium, Potassium, Sodium, Iron and Magnesium enter into the composition of animal bodies. Other metals, as Aluminium, Zinc, Tin, Lead, Copper, Mercury, Platinum, Silver and Gold are of value, but the first named is of the greatest, for Aluminium and Oxygen (Alumina) form the clay to make our dwellings, and the bulk of the soil which grows our vegetables. It is not, dear children, the gold which men so much covet that ministers most to man's life, health and happiness. The dust of the "precious metals," as the gold dust is called, is not equal to that of the plains (saleratus) which contains potash and soda, constituents of the blood, the despised iron furnishes the blood with an element that imparts to it its rich vermilion color and aids in imparting to it its vitality!

BETH.

TALK WITH OUR LITTLE READERS.

I have been thinking this beautiful November morning that I would like to have a talk with our little readers of the *Juvenile Instructor*; but there are so many interesting subjects and pleasing topics that I hardly know which to select. There is one thing, however, that seems to be uppermost in my mind, and should occupy a good share of the thoughts of every Latter-day Saint—children as well as those who are grown to mature years,—and that is, that we are a blessed people in having a home in these valleys of the mountains. In looking abroad upon this beautiful city, and beholding the peace and quiet that prevail, and the blessings that seem to attend the people on every hand, I cannot but compare it with all other cities with which my short experience has permitted me to become acquainted. Children who are born and raised here, can understand but very little of the spirit of disunion that prevails in the world, and the great lack there is of that brotherly feeling that tends to promote peace and union, nor of the many crimes and evils that exist, which are almost unknown here in Utah. These evils and crimes, and this spirit of disunion were manifested more particularly during the late war—as is the case in all times of war; not only did those who were equipped and sent out to fight manifest this spirit, but those who remained at home, were in antagonism with each other in regard to their political sentiments and opinions; and even in high circles, or among the more aristocratic portions of society, people who differed in political opinion, refused to associate together, but stood aloof and slandered and abused each other for this difference. Indeed, the spirit of war ran rampant through the land. Men have been taken up and imprisoned for no other cause than that of expressing their opinions in regard to political affairs or the rulers of the nation. Even little children became so imbued with this feeling that they were ready to "show fight" upon the least expression of sentiment or opinion that did not coincide with that which they were taught to believe was the right; and the terms "copperhead," "secesh," "black-abolitionist," and many other expressions of such a nature were in common use among them. Cases have been known

and reported of the children in certain schools dividing up into parties and having regular little battles for no other reason than that they belonged to families who differed in political opinion and were filled with the same spirit that their parents possessed. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, it seemed as though love and brotherly feeling had ceased to exist at one time; and people delighted in hearing of great battles in which those whom they looked upon as enemies were conquered and slain, the more bloody the conflict and the more cruel the mode of warfare, the more the people gloated over it. Had they possessed the gospel, they would not have had such feeling, but would have desired peace instead of war, and would have felt to mourn instead of rejoice over the bloody scenes that were daily being enacted on the battle-ground; for the gospel does not teach men to war with each other, nor to gloat over scenes of bloodshed, but it brings peace and union and brotherly love instead. How thankful we ought to be for its peaceful influence, and for the knowledge which it brings; by it we are taught how to serve God, and what course to pursue to win His approbation.

Our prayers should ascend daily, and our thanksgivings be offered for our homes in the valleys of the mountains; that the people have been led to this land, and permitted to cultivate it and make homes, and that they are blessed in serving God and keeping his commandments.

RANATHA.

THE MONKEYS AND THE RED CAPS.—A man who had been a muleteer in the city of Cadiz, in a restless spirit, went over to the northern part of Africa. Previous to his departure, he invested all the money he had in the purchase of those woven red caps which form the crown of the turban in Turkey and Africa. Soon after his arrival, he set out alone to seek his fortune in the interior of the country. Long before sunrise, he was off, and reached a shady wood before the heat became too great for traveling. In hot countries, this time of the day is always set aside for sleep. The man accordingly opened his bag which contained his treasure of red caps put on one of them as a nightcap, and stretched himself under a tree. He slept comfortably till sunset, when imagine his horror on waking to perceive the boughs of the tree under which he had slept covered with monkeys in red caps! They had seen the Spaniard put on his, and, as soon as he was asleep, had one and all followed his example. The poor Spaniard got in a great rage and, stamping with vexation, he cast down his red cap on the ground, when—how great was his joy!—all the monkeys did the same. The Spaniard soon gathered up the caps and went on his way.

THE CAT AND THE KEY.—A cupboard, in which were kept milk, butter, and other things needful for the tea-table, was shut with a lock which, from age or frequent use, could be easily made to open. To save trouble, the key was kept in the lock. It had often been remarked that, though the door was regularly locked, the cupboard was found wide open, and that the milk or butter was considerably reduced, but who could be the culprit the persons in the house could not find out. On watching carefully, however, the cat was seen to seat herself on the table and, by repeated patting on the handle of the key, it was at length made to turn, and then it was an easy matter to pull the door open, and make free with the contents of the cupboard.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1869.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE Kingdom of Bashan, lying east of the river Jordan, was in part conquered by Moses, and the conquest was completed by Jair, one of the chiefs of the tribe of Manassah. After its conquest, it was allotted to the half tribe of Manassah as their inheritance, and was considered by Israel as an almost earthly paradise. The strength and grandeur of its oaks, the beauty of its mountain scenery, the unrivaled luxuriance of its pastures, the fertility of its wide-spread plains and the excellence of its cattle, were themes dwelt upon by Israel. From the accounts of recent travelers, we learn that remnants of the oak forests still clothe the mountain sides, the plains and pastures are rich to-day; and, although the flocks and herds have been greatly thinned, yet, such as remain may be properly described in the words of Ezekiel as "all of them fatlings of Bashan." At one time, the land was thickly populated; and even to-day, though the mountains are rugged and rocky, everywhere on their sides are the remains of old terraces, giving evidence of former cultivation. Heaps of loose stones also have been collected off the soil, and are now found piled up in the corners of the little fields. In the days of Bashan's glory, figtrees, olives and pomegranates were ranged along these terraces.

Prophets of Israel, inspired by the spirit of God, warned the people what their fate would be if they did not keep the commandments of the Lord, just as the Elders of Israel in these days warn their countrymen and other nations of the near approach of the judgments of God which will surely come upon them if they do not repent and forsake their wickedness and turn to God. Moses made many predictions to Israel concerning the fate that awaited them if they failed to obey the commandments of God. After telling them what a good land the Lord was about to give unto them—a land of brooks of water, of fountains that spring out of the valleys and hills; a land of wheat, barley, vines and figtrees and pomegranates; a land of oil, olives and honey; a land "wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it." Yet he told them that, if they broke the commandments of God, the Lord would "make your cities waste and bring your sanctuaries unto desolation. I will bring the land into desolation; and your enemies, which dwell therein, shall be astonished at it." In another place he said: "The generation to come of your children that shall rise up after you, and the stranger that shall come from a far land, shall say, when they see the plagues of that land and the sicknesses which the Lord hath laid upon it: 'Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this land? What meaneth the heat of this great anger?'"

Israel was brought forth into such a land as Moses described. Palestine was a good land to them, and they flourished and grew mighty and spread abroad. The Lord gave them victory over their enemies, and probably they thought that they would never be moved therefrom. But the Lord had spoken and His words could not fail. When they transgressed, He scourged

them and sent His Prophets to warn them; they did not regard their warnings for any length of time. They turned to their idols and their wickedness; and, when He sent His only begotten Son, they crucified Him, and would not have Him reign over them. They little thought, when Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Isaiah and the other prophets, whom they persecuted and slew, told them what their fate would be, that their words would be fulfilled to the very letter. You may know the feelings of the people at that time by learning the feelings of the people of the United States at the present day towards the Elders of Israel who go forth to warn them of the judgments that the Almighty has in store for those who disobey His laws. The nation is great and powerful. It has arrived at a high pitch of glory; and it thinks it is equal to any power on the earth; and when the poor, despised Latter-day Saints—the Elders—predict their overthrow, they are looked upon by most of the people as miserable fanatics and they are laughed to scorn. But their words will be fulfilled. All the predictions that the Elders utter concerning the nation and the desolation that awaits it, unless the people repent, will be fulfilled, just as the predictions of the ancient prophets have been fulfilled.

A modern writer who has visited Bashan, has given us a description of that land. He says:

"I confess it was with feelings of awe I looked from time to time, out over those desolate but still beautiful slopes, to that more desolate plain. I knew what caused the desolation. The silence, too, awed me yet more; for it was profound. The voice of nature itself was hushed; and not a leaf in the forest rustled. There was no plowman in the field, no shepherd on the hill-side, no flock on the pasture, no wagon or wayfarer on the road. Yet there was a time when the land teemed with an industrious, bustling and a joyous population. Many of the people of those days, doubtless thought that the prophets were but gloomy dreamers; but with my own eyes I saw that time has changed every prediction into a historic fact."

He says that, were the same holy men inspired now by the same divine spirit, to describe the actual state of Palestine, they could not possibly select language more appropriate or more graphic than that found in their own predictions written thousands of years ago. The traveler says:

"The fields are wasted, the roads deserted, the cities abandoned, the houses without inhabitants, the sanctuaries deserted, the vineyards, orchards and groves destroyed."

To give you a still further idea of the condition of that land, and how perfectly the words of the Lord through His prophets have been fulfilled, we will quote from this writer's statements:

"I cannot tell how deeply I was impressed when looking out over that noble plain, rivaling in richness of soil the best of England's counties, thickly studded with cities, towns and villages, intersected with roads, having one of the finest climates in the world; and yet utterly deserted, literally 'without man, without inhabitant, and without beast' (Isa. xxxiii. 10). I cannot tell with what mingled feelings of sorrow and of joy, of mourning and of thanksgiving, of fear and of faith, I reflected on the history of that land; and, taking out my Bible, compared its existing state, as seen with my own eyes, with the numerous predictions regarding it written by the Hebrew prophets. In their day, it was populous and prosperous; the fields waved with corn; the hill-sides were covered with flocks and herds; the highways were thronged with wayfarers; the cities resounded with the continuous din of a busy population. And yet they wrote as if they had seen the land as I saw it from the ramparts of Bozrah. The spirit of the omniscient God alone could have guided the hand that penned such predictions as these: 'Then said I, Lord, how long? And he answered, *Until the cities be wasted without inhabitant, and the houses without man, and the land be utterly desolate, and the Lord hath removed men far away, and there be a great forsaking in the midst of the land.*' (Isa. vi. 11, 12)."

In former times, a garrison was maintained in the castle of Bozrah by the Pasha of Damascus, for the purpose of defending the southern sections of Bashan from the periodical incursions of the Bedouin. It has been withdrawn for many years. The 'Destroyer of the Gentiles' can now come up unrestrained, 'the spoilers' can now 'come upon the high places through the wilderness,' and the sword now 'devours' from the one end of the land even unto the other end of the land' (Jer. xii. 12); the cities are 'without inhabitant,' the houses are 'without man,' the land is 'utterly desolate,' judgment has come upon it all

far and near; in a word, THE WHOLE OF BASHAN AND MOAB IS ONE GREAT FULFILLED PROPHECY."

The difference between the predictions of the ancient prophets and those which the Lord inspires His servants to make in this our day, is this: that the ancient predictions have many of them required hundreds of years to be fulfilled; but in the last days, the Lord has said that He will cut His work short in righteousness, and the desolation and war and misery with which the Almighty threatens the inhabitants of this land if they will not repent, but continue to fight against His Zion, will be speedily fulfilled, and their land will be wasted, their cities will be made desolate, and the people will fall victims to the scourges that shall be sent forth amongst the wicked. How thankful ought the Latter-day Saints and their children to be to the Lord for having revealed unto them the truth, built up His Church and opened a way of deliverance for them from the calamities which are to be poured out upon the nations of the earth!

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

A gentleman who had a splendid Newfoundland dog, was riding with a friend one day, when the dog became the subject of conversation. Having praised the qualities of his favorite very highly, the owner assured his companion that Nero would, upon receiving the order, return and fetch any article he should leave behind, from any distance. To confirm this, a marked shilling was first shown to the dog, and then put under a large square stone, by the side of the road. The gentleman then rode for three miles when the dog received the signal from his master to return for the shilling he had seen put under the stone. The dog turned back, the gentlemen rode on, and reached home; but, to their great surprise, the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day. It appeared afterwards that he had gone to the stone under which the shilling was placed, but it being too heavy for his strength to remove, he had staid back, howling at the place until two gentlemen on horseback, hearing the noise made by the dog, stopped to look at him, when one of them alighting, removed the stone, and, seeing the shilling, put it into his pocket, not thinking it to be the object of the dog's search. The dog followed them for twenty miles, remained quiet in the room where they supped, followed the chamber-maid into the bed-chamber, and hid himself under one of the beds, where the travellers afterwards slept. The possessor of the shilling hung his pants upon a nail by the bedside; but when they were both asleep, the dog took the pants in his mouth, and leaping out through the window, which was left open on account of the warmth, reached the house of his master at four o'clock in the morning, with his prize, in the pocket of which were found, besides the shilling, a watch and money, which, upon being advertised, were returned to the owner; when the whole mystery was explained to the admiration of all the parties.

One day, a shepherd, on going to his flock, which was feeding on the higher portions of the Grampian Hills (Scotland) took his little, three-year-old boy with him, as well as his dog. The father left them alone while he looked after some sheep, when all

of a sudden, a thick fog came on. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but it was so dark, he could not see him, and unfortunately he missed his way. After a search of many hours among the caverns and holes in the mountains, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on, he discovered by the light of the moon that he had reached the bottom of the valley, a short distance from his cottage. He hoped that the child had gone home, but when he inquired, he found his wife had not seen him. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to remain where he was, having lost both his child and his dog which had attended him faithfully for years. Next morning by day-break, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, they were at last compelled by the approach of night to descend the mountain. On returning to his cottage, the shepherd found that the dog had been home and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several days, the search was kept up, but without success, the dog coming home every day, and, on receiving the piece of cake, immediately running off again. Struck with this singular circumstance, the shepherd stopped at home one day, and when the dog came, and was about to start off, he followed him, determined to find out the cause of its strange conduct. The dog led the way to a waterfall, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his son. The shepherd stepping from crag to crag, crossed the roaring stream. The dog at last disappearing into a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The father with difficulty followed, but, on entering the cave, what was his joy, when he beheld his boy eating the cake which the dog had brought him, while the faithful animal stood by watching his young master with love and pleasure in his looks. From the situation in which the child was found, it was surmised that he must have wandered to the brink of the precipice and have either fallen or scrambled down, and the fear of the torrent prevented his returning. There the dog had traced him, and there he kept watch by night and day, only leaving him when he went to fetch his own daily allowance which he gave to the boy, and had thus saved him from a shocking death by starvation. What an example of self-sacrifice and faithfulness!

Our picture represents another noble dog saving his young master from being frozen to death. The story is as follows:

"During a severe snow-storm, a little boy in Milwaukee, while attempting to recover his cap which had been blown off into a snow-drift, became so deeply involved in the snow as to become exhausted, and being soon covered up by the drift, would have perished but for a favorite dog.

This animal becoming uneasy at his prolonged absence from home, set out in search of him, and having discovered where he was, returned home, and by his eager animal appeals, induced a servant of the family to accompany him to the spot, where, by digging away the snow, the little fellow was discovered; and, though almost frozen, recovered on being carried home. The joy of the dog on finding the little fellow rescued and in safety, was touching in the extreme."

A gentleman named Macaire, an officer of the body-guard of Charles V., of France, very much hated another gentleman, named Au-



by de Montdidier. These two having met in the Forest of Bondis, near Paris, Macaire cruelly murdered his brother officer, and buried him in a ditch. Montdidier was accompanied at the time by a grayhound, who was much attached to him. The dog lay down on the grave of its master, and there remained till hunger compelled it to rise. It then went to one of Aubry de Montdidier's dearest friends, by whom it was welcomed warmly, and fed. As soon as its hunger was appeased, the dog went away. For several days this coming and going was repeated, till at last the people became curious to know where the dog went. The dog was followed, and was seen to lie down on some newly-turned-up earth. They dug at this spot, and found there the body of Aubry de Montdidier. It was raised and taken to Paris. The dog now attached itself to the kind friend who had given it shelter. While attending on him, it chanced several times to get a sight of Macaire, and on every occasion it sprang upon him. This deep hatred on the part of the animal aroused a suspicion that Macaire had had some share in Montdidier's murder. King Charles V., on being informed of the circumstances, caused Macaire and the dog to be brought before him, and beheld the animal again spring upon the object of its hatred. The king feeling assured that the conduct of the dog was based on some guilty act of Macaire, ordered a combat to take place between the officer and his dumb accuser. This combat took place on the isle of Notre Dame at Paris, in presence of the whole court. The king allowed Macaire to have a strong club, while, on the other hand, the dog was permitted to have an empty cask into which it could retreat. The dog seemed perfectly aware of its duty. For a short time, it leaped around Macaire, and then it fastened itself upon his throat. He would have been strangled, had he not cried for mercy and avowed his crime. The dog was pulled from off him. He was only liberated from its teeth to perish by the hands of the law. This dog has been usually called the Dog of Montargis, from the combat having taken place at the chateau of Montargis.

G. R.

COTTON MANUFACTURE.

*From "TRIUMPHS OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY."—
Published by T. Nelson & Sons, London.*

SAMUEL CROMPTON.

EXCELLENT as was the yarn produced by the spinning-jenny and the water-frame, compared with the old hand-spun stuff, it was coarse and full of knots; and when a demand arose for imitations of the fine India muslins, the weavers found they could produce but a very poor piece of work with such rough materials.

Among those who were put about for want of a better sort of yarn was young Samuel Crompton, who lived with his widowed mother and two sisters in an old country house called Hall-in-the-Wood, near what was then the little rural town of Bolton in the Moors. When Samuel was only five years old his father died, and left his widow with the three children on her hands, to struggle through the world as best she could. A hard working, energetic, God-fearing woman, she buckled to the fight with a stout heart and a resolute will. Her husband had been both farmer and weaver, like most of the men in that quarter; and she did her best to fill his place, looking after the little farm and the three cows, and working at the loom, the yarn for which she taught the bairns to spin. Whatever she took in hand she did with might and main, and the result was her webs were the best woven, her butter the richest, her honey

the purest; her home-made wines the finest flavored of any in the district. Small as her means were, she gave her boy the best education that could be got in Bolton—first at a day-school, and afterwards, when he was old enough to take his place by day between the treadles, at a night school. Rigid in her sense of duty, and resolute to do her own share of the work, she exacted the same from others, and kept her lad tightly to the loom. Every day he had to do a certain quantity of work; and there was no looking her in the face unless each evening saw it done, and well done too. Anxious to satisfy his mother, and yet get time for his favorite amusement of fiddle-making and fiddle-playing, Sam grew quickly sensitive of the imperfections of the machinery he had to work with. "He was plagued to death," he used to say, "wi' mendin' th' broken thread;" and could not help thinking many a time whether the jenny could not be improved so as to spin more quickly, and produce a better thread. By the time he came to man's estate, in 1774, his thoughts had settled so far into a track that he was able to begin making a contrivance of his own, which he hoped would accomplish the object he had in view. He had a few common tools which had belonged to his father, but his own clasp knife served nearly every purpose in his ready hands. He had his "bins of things" filed at the smithy, and to get money for materials, he fiddled at the theater for 1s. 6d. a night. Every minute he could spare from the task-work of the day was spent in his little room over the porch of the hall in forwarding his invention. As it advanced, he grew more and more engrossed with it, and often the dawn found him still at work on it. The good folks down in Bolton were sorely puzzled to think what light it was that was so often seen glimmering at uncanny hours up at the old hall. The story went abroad that the place was haunted, and that the ghost of some former resident, uneasy from the sorrows or the sins of his past life, kept watch and ward till cock crow, with a spectral lamp. The mystery was cleared up at last. It was discovered that the ghost was only Sam Crompton "fashioning himself over bits of wood and iron;" and Sam was pointed out as a "conjurer"—the cant term for inventor—when he walked through the town.

The five years of labor and anxiety bore fruit in 1779, when the "mule" with its spindle carriage was finished and set to work. As its name indicates, it was an ingenious cross between the jenny and the water-frame, combining the best features of both; with several novel ones, which rendered it a very valuable machine.

Just as Crompton had put the finishing touches to his mule, the weavers and spinners broke out in open riot at Blackburn, and scoured the country with the cry, "Men, not machines;" breaking every machine they could lay hands on. To keep himself out of trouble and save his mule, Crompton took it to pieces and hid it in the roof of the hall. When the storm had swept past, he brought it out, put it together, and began to use it in his daily work. The fine yarn he turned out made quite a sensation, and the fame of his invention spread far and wide. People came from all quarters to get a sight of it; and when denied admittance, brought ladders and harrows, and climbed up to the window of the room where it stood. One pertinacious fellow actually ensconced himself for several days in the cockloft, from which he watched Crompton at work in the room below, through a gimlet-hole he bored in the ceiling. Crompton lost all patience with this constant espionage. "Why couldn't folks let him enjoy his machine by himself?" he asked. A friend, whose advice he asked, urged him not to think of taking out a patent, but to make a present of his invention to the community at large. Save me from my friends, Crompton might well have cried. Simple, guileless fellow that he was, he acted on his "friend's" advice, and on a number of manu-

facturers putting down their names for subscriptions varying from a guinea to a crown, threw open the invention to the world. When the time came for the subscriptions to be called in, some of the manufacturers actually were base enough to refuse payment of the paltry sums they had promised, and overwhelmed with abuse, the man, by the fruit of whose brain they were making their fortunes. When all the money was collected, it amounted to only £60, just as much as built Crompton a new machine, with no more than four spindles.

Shy, simple, confiding, innocent of the cunning ways of the world, sadly backward in the study of mankind, and perhaps somewhat uncongenial and unpractised to boot, Crompton, from the time when one would have thought he had set his foot on the first round of the ladder of fortune, went stumbling on from one misfortune to another, ill-used on every side, and unsuccessful in every effort to get on in the world. Wheedled out of his patent rights, cheated of the money promised him, his workmen lured away from him as soon as he had taught them the construction of the mule, he grew morbid and distrustful of every one. He would have no more workmen, and as the production of his machines was thus restricted to the labors of his own hands, he could not compete with the large factories, who drew all the customers away from him. Peel, the father of the statesman, offered him first a lucrative place of trust, and afterwards a partnership; but he would not listen to him. He grew more wretched and discouraged every day. In despair, he cut up his spinning machines, and hacked to pieces with an ax, a carding machine he had invented, exclaiming bitterly, "They shall not have this too."

He then retired into comparative obscurity at Oldham, where he drudged away at weaving, farming, cow-keeping, and overseeing the poor, and found it no easy matter withal to support his family, for he had married some years before. Afterwards he re-appeared at Bolton as a small manufacturer; and there was a brief interval of sunshine. The muslin trade was very brisk, and the weavers walked about with five-pound notes stuck in their hats, and dressed out in ruffled shirts and top boots, like fine gentlemen. While this lasted, Crompton found abundant sale for his superior yarn. But trade grew depressed, and the gloom settled over Crompton's life to its close.

The idea was started of getting Parliament to do something for him, but he was too independent to supplicate government officials in person. Spencer Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was willing to befriend him; but Crompton's ill luck was at his heels. On the 11th of May, 1812, Crompton was talking with Peel and another gentleman in the lobby of the House of Commons, when Perceval walked up to them, saying, "You will be glad to know we mean to propose £20,000 for Crompton. Do you think it will be satisfactory? Crompton walked away out of delicacy not to hear the answer. An instant afterwards, there was a great shout, and a rush of people in alarm. Perceval lay bathed in his own blood, slain by the bullet of the assassin Bellingham. Crompton had lost his friend.

When the subject of a grant to the inventor of the spinning-mule was brought up in the House a few days afterwards by Lord Stanley (now Lord Derby), only £5000 was proposed. No one thought of increasing it. "Let's give the man a £100 a-year," said an honorable member; "it's as much as he can drink." So the vote was agreed to; though at that very time the duty accruing to the revenue from the cotton imported to be spun upon the mule was £300,000 a-year, or more than £1000 a working day. The impulse which this invention gave to the cotton manufactures of Great Britain, and the commercial prosperity to which it led, enabled the country to bear the heavy drain of the war taxes; and it has been said, with no

little truth, that Crompton contributed as much as Wellington to the downfall of Napoleon. As soon as it became known, the mule-spindle took the lead in cotton-spinning machines. In 1811, above 4,600,000 mule-spindles, made by his pattern, were in use. At the present time, it is calculated that there are upwards of 30,000,000 in use in Great Britain; and the increase goes on at the rate of about 1,000,000 a-year. In France there were in 1850 about 3,000,000 spindles on Crompton's principle; and one firm of mule-makers (Hibbert, Platt & Co., of Oldham), make mules at the rate of 500,000 spindles a-year. The immense impetus given to trade, money, civilization, and comfort by this invention is almost incalculable.

The grant of £5000 was soon swallowed up in the payment of his debts, and in meeting the losses of his business. "Nothing more was ever done for him. The king, who was fond of patronizing merit, took no notice of him; his eldest son was promised a commission, which he did not get; and some time after, when struggling through life on only £100 a-year, the post of sub-inspector of the factories in Bolton became vacant; though he applied for the office, for which he was eminently qualified, he was passed over in favor of the natural son of one of the ex-secretaries of state—a man who did not know a mule from a spinning-jenny."

Crompton spent his last days in poverty and privation, and died at the age of seventy-four, in 1827.

Biography.

CORRECTION.—At the end of the fourth line of the second paragraph in the Biography of Joseph Smith, the Prophet, which appears in the last number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, the word "*organized*" appears instead of "*originated*." The sentence should read: "His wife Emma and his sons say that it was the Twelve who *originated* the revelation; but here we have the testimony of men who sought Joseph's life, because he had received this revelation."

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



DREAMS are frequently given by the Lord to His people to warn them of future events. It was by means of a dream that Joseph, the reputed father of Jesus, was warned to leave Gallilee and flee into Egypt, because Herod was going to slay all the male children. Dreams have frequently been a means of warning people concerning the future. During the time of which we write, Joseph had a remarkable dream, which he related in public.

He dreamed he was riding in his carriage and his guardian angel was along with him. They passed the Temple, and shortly afterwards, saw two large snakes locked fast together, so fast that neither of them had any power. Joseph enquired of his guide what he was to understand by that; to which his guide answered:

"These snakes represent Doctor Foster and Chauncey L. Higbee. They are your enemies, and desire to destroy you; but you see they are so fast locked together that they have no power of themselves to hurt you."

He then thought that he was riding up a street in Newvor, called Mulholland street, but his guardian angel was not with him. On arriving at the prairie, he was overtaken and seized by William and Wilson Law and others, who said:

"Aha! aha! we have got you at last! We will secure you and put you in a safe place!"

They dragged him out of his carriage, tied his hands behind him, and threw him into a dry pit, where he remained in a perfectly helpless condition. and they went away. While he was struggling to get out, he heard Wilson Law screaming for help, close to the pit. Joseph managed to free himself so as to be able to make a spring, and he caught hold of some grass which grew at the edge of the pit. On looking out of the pit, he saw Wilson Law at a little distance attacked by ferocious wild beasts; and heard him cry out:

"O, brother Joseph, come and save me!"

Joseph replied:

"I cannot; for you have put me into this deep pit."

On looking out another way, he saw William Law with outstretched arms, blue in the face, with green poison forced out of his mouth, caused by the coiling of a large snake round his body. It had also seized him by the arm, a little above the elbow, ready to devour him. In the intensity of his agony, he cried out:

"O, brother Joseph, brother Joseph, come and save me, or I die!"

Joseph replied to him:

"I cannot, William; I would willingly, but you have tied me and put me in this pit, and I am powerless to help you or to liberate myself."

In a short time after, his guide came and said aloud:

"Joseph! Joseph! what are you doing there?"

He replied:

"My enemies fell upon me, bound me and threw me in."

He then took him by the hand and drew him out of the pit, set him free; and he then went away rejoicing.

We well recollect the impression which the relation of this dream made upon the people who heard it. Every one of the Saints could understand the meaning of the dream so far as William and Wilson Law were concerned, for they had placed it beyond Joseph's power to help them by their wicked conduct; but the people could not understand *all* the dream. It was not all clear to their minds what was meant by those two men and their dragging Joseph out of his carriage and binding his hands fast, and casting him into a pit. Although Joseph spoke frequently about the Twelve bearing off the Kingdom and taking additional responsibility, speaking as though he was about to leave them; still, no one supposed that he was going to die, and this dream was not generally interpreted in that manner. As we proceed with our history, however, you will see how truthfully it was fulfilled. The enemies bound him, cast him into a pit, and it seemed as though his guardian angel was not with him when they did it. That part has been fulfilled; but the remainder of the dream, concerning the two men who had betrayed him, who once had been his friends, will be fulfilled, and they will yet find themselves in a condition where they will need his help; but he will be in a position where he cannot assist them, in consequence of their acts towards him in the past.

It is a terrible thing for a man to consent to the death of God's anointed—to shed innocent blood, or to be accessory thereto. It were better for such a man never to have been born, or if a millstone had been tied around his neck and he had been cast into the depths of the sea; for such a sin can never be forgiven in this world nor in the world to come; and the heaviest of woes are pronounced upon those who commit

such crimes. The men who were guilty of this crime towards him, placed it out of Joseph's power to render them the aid which they will yet require.

Original Poets.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

ANNIE'S SYMPATHY.

Little Annie clung to her mother's side,

And the tear-drops stood in her eye,

As she saw the earth wrapp'd in its wintry pride,

And heard the cold blast move by.

The mother said, as she kiss'd her child,

"My darling has nothing to fear;

Though the storm without is fierce and wild,

It never can enter here.

Our house is beautiful, nice and warm,

With the fire's bright cheerful blaze;

Your father provides for you well; like a charm

You shall spend the wintry days."

"Yes, mother, your child knows your words are true,"

The dear loving Annie replied;

I have all that I need,—I have father and you,

By whom every want is supplied.

But I'm thinking of poor little Carrie and Ned:

Their house is so shabby and old,—

Their mother is sick and their father dead,—

That I think they are hungry and cold.

They live in that house by the big tall oak

Which the frost and winds have made bare;

I've watched the chimney and see no smoke

Rise up on the stormy air.

No kind father's footsteps are ever heard

On that threshold where orphans tread—

No father's lips with a loving word,

Nor his hand to provide them bread."

This short speech was made without guile or art;

It was love's sweet, innocent strain;

The appeal was made to a mother's heart.

And it was not made in vain.

The mother in haste envelop'd her form,

With sympathy warm in her breast:

Kiss'd the daughter good-bye, and braved the storm,

To rescue the poor distress'd.

Her purse was large and her hands not slack,

And the old house was fill'd with joy;

And Annie's heart, when her mother came back,

Beat with pleasure without alloy. E. R. S.

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